

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK, BY
Alexander M. Gorman,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS:
Single Subscribers, \$1 50 per annum.
To Clubs of 5 and upwards, \$1 00 each;
Payable in advance.
No paper will be sent longer than the time for
which it has been paid; and no paper sent un-
less the cash accompanies the order.
JOB PRINTING, of every description,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Choice Literature.
From the New-York Organ.
LAURA MAITLAND.
BY MRS. SANDRAT.

CHAPTER VIII.
In the suburbs of the town, about half a
mile from the Seminary where Laura still
continued to spend a portion of the year, was
a little cluster of cottages, occupied prin-
cipally by laborers. In one of them, however,
lived a poor widow with a number of small
children, and this family had been, for more
than a year, the objects of Laura's bounty
and philanthropy. Besides this, more sub-
stantial aid she at times rendered them, she
once, and sometimes twice each week, walk-
ed to the cottage and spent an hour or more
in giving instructions to the little ones in the
rudiments of education. And not only the
widow's children, but those from the surround-
ing cottages were invited to avail them-
selves of the benefit of her teachings. Often
she was accompanied and assisted by some
one of her young companions, but the chil-
dren always hailed Miss Maitland as the
teacher, and it was pleasant to see the little
band of smiling, happy faces gathered about
that fair young girl. In warm weather the
soft green grass was the carpet, and the great
spreading branches of a tree in front of the
widow's door, was the roof of Miss Mait-
land's school-house.

One afternoon she was returning alone
from her mission of love. Her way lay
through the fields, and along the margin of
a tiny brook, and the day being sultry, she
loitered slowly, pausing now and then to
gather a wild flower, or contemplate the
scenery around her. Suddenly she was ar-
rived by the distant rumbling of thunder,
and turning she discovered a black cloud ris-
ing up from the south, and rapidly over-
spreading the heavens. She hastened for-
ward as fast as possible, but in a few min-
utes the air was filled with thick, blinding
clouds of dust, and the wind came sweeping
along with such force that she was obliged
to cling to a tree, to avoid being thrown to
the ground. Soon great drops of rain began
to fall, accompanied by vivid lightning and
loud peals of thunder. Laura started on
in the hope of reaching home ere the fu-
ry of the storm increased, but it soon reach-
ed its height. The winds howled, and mon-
eod, and bent the tree tops toward the earth,
and the rain descended in such torrents that
objects could not be distinguished at a short
distance. Laura thought herself fortunate
in reaching an old decayed shed only a few
rods from the Seminary grounds, and there
the frail girl stood beneath that frail shelter
with clasped hands and dilated eyes, awed,
but not fearful.

"To hear the tempest tramping loud,
And see the lightning flames driven,
Where strikes the warrior of the storm,
And rolls the thunder down of Heaven."
While her whole soul was absorbed in
watching the terrific grandeur of the scene,
she, all at once, felt herself lifted by a strong
arm, and borne by a rapid motion from be-
neath her place of shelter, and in another
instant the tottering tenement went crashing
to the earth. With a fervent ejaculation of
thanks, Laura turned to see who was her de-
liverer, and found she was supported by the
arms of Lindley Morrison.

The young man had witnessed her peri-
ous situation while watching the storm from
a window of his father's house, and had flown
to her rescue, and reached the spot not a
moment too soon.

"Thank God I was not too late!" ex-
claimed Lindley, while his limbs shook with
the intensity of his agitation.
"But you must not remain here in this
condition, Miss Maitland. Allow me to take
you home." In a few minutes after, Laura,
drenched with rain and half fainting from
excitement, was placed safely in the arms of
her friends.

Next morning young Morrison, who, at
this time, was studying the profession of law
in his father's office, called to inquire after
the health of Laura. She was yet pale from
the effects of her adventure of the day be-
fore, but when her noble, handsome deliverer
entered her presence, and as she met his ear-
nest, tender yet respectful glances, the bright
blood mantled over her cheeks, and crimsoned
even her temples and forehead.

The reader is now prepared to expect a
love scene, and I regret to disappoint the
sentimental young ladies who have followed
the fortunes of Laura thus far; but, in my
opinion, no curious intruder should ever be
permitted to enter the hallowed sanctity of
pure young hearts just bounding and expan-
ding into new life beneath the genial, inspir-
ing, glorifying influence of a first true love.
There is a love so sacred, and deep, and pow-
erful that mortals affected by it are lifted so
far above selfish and sordid desires that they
become nearly allied to the angels above.

Laura and Lindley were formed by nature
capable of this exalted sentiment. They had,
of late, been thrown together occasionally in
company, and their souls met and blended in
harmonious union, and on this they first
whispered words of love. Yet no vows had
been exchanged when Laura learned the
startling news of the change in her mother's
circumstances.

It was but two days subsequent to her al-
most miraculous preservation from death
that she received her step-father's letter, and
from her mother an imperative command to
return home at once. The command was
unaccompanied by a word of explanation,
but Herbert Leigh's note was sufficient to
enable her to comprehend fully her position,
and the duties devolving upon her. For a
few brief moments she sat bewildered and
stupefied; then she rose up, locked her door,
and knelt on the spot whence so often before
her earnest petitions had ascended for bless-
ings on those she loved. She came forth
from her orisons with a spirit subdued and
strengthened, and seating herself on a low

Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Education, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 25, 1853. NO. 37.

ottoman, she calmly revolved her plans of
action. In one short hour she passed from
the dependent, protected girl, into the ener-
getic, responsible woman. Without leaving
her room she penned a hasty note to Mr.
Ware, with whose family her close and de-
lightful intimacy had been kept up; then
she sought Mrs. Loring, and confided all to
that dear and sympathizing friend.

"You have a noble, generous heart, my
dear Laura," said the lady, "and God will
reward your self-sacrificing devotion. But
alas, dear child, you are young and inexpe-
rienced, and have but little knowledge of
the trials which await you."

"But I have learned much that will be
useful to me now, and the God you have
taught me to serve will aid me and keep me
from despairing," Laura replied.

"He will, my child, and if ever you need
the assistance or counsel of an earthly friend,
apply to me. I am thankful that I have
been permitted to keep you so long, but now
the path of duty is plain before you, and I
should be false to the lessons I have taught
you, if I did not bid you follow it."

When Laura took leave of the place en-
deared to her by a vast store of recollections
and associations, many tears were shed, and
many kind wishes and heart-felt prayers fol-
lowed her on her way. We will pass over
the painful and distressing meeting with her
mother.

The fall of Mrs. Leigh was so sudden and
complete that temporary aberration of mind
succeeded, and she refused to leave the house
she still declared her own, although the
sheriff's hammer had sounded the knell of
her grandeur, and warned her to seek an
humble home.

Laura saw she had greater difficulties to
encounter than she at first anticipated, and
it required all her fortitude, all her faith, to
sustain her. The purchase of Mrs. Leigh's
mansion gave her permission to remain in it
for a short time, but Laura judged a speedy
removal would be best for her mother. She
waited in anxious suspense for advice from
Mr. Ware, but her note, unaccountably to
her, remained unanswered. Other friends,
however, came to her assistance, but they
were not from among the fawning minions
who flattered so lately about their pendency
of wealth.

Edward Ellis felt a delicacy about intro-
ducing himself at such a time to Mrs. Leigh
as the acquaintance of her husband, but
when he learned the sad state of her mind
he hesitated no longer to offer his services to
Laura. Through his assistance temporary
lodgings were procured in a retired but pleas-
ant portion of the city, and thither Mrs.
Leigh was removed with the aid of a little
stratagem. In the persons of Mr. Ellis and
his lovely wife, Laura had secured true and
sympathizing friends, but she depended not
alone on earthly help and consolation, or her
sensitive spirit must have broken down.

The best room in their new home Laura
appropriated to her mother's use, and she
fitted it up tastefully and elegantly with
costly articles saved from the wreck of for-
tune. Here with untiring devotion the
daughter attended the stricken parent, an-
ticipating all her wants, supplying as far as
possible her thoughtlessly exorbitant de-
mands, and gratifying each exacting whim
within the range of possibility. While look-
ing forward with faith and hope to a speedy
restoration, she watched continually for some
look of love or smile of reward from her
mother, but oh, how long she watched in
vain.

"Why do you wait on me? Where are
the servants? Who authorized you to dis-
charge them? The mother would often ask
in cold harsh tones, and then she would con-
tinue—"Are you my daughter, you who so
willingly stoop to menial service? Are you
the child I cradled in luxury, and hoped to
see shining a brilliant star in the world of
fashion? But I might have known it. You
were born with low notions, but you do not
take them from me. You are like your father's
family but not like him. He never spoke
to his sister after her silly marriage with a
poor, low born student. But I am partly
to blame for allowing you to have your own
way about pursuing your education among
those Parisians, who have made you unfit for
anything higher than tending babies, and
teaching puppets' children to read."

Day after day Laura was obliged to listen
to something like this, and often when little
Walter was brought into her room, the mother
would order the "whining, pale-faced crea-
ture" taken out of her sight. Then Laura
would fold to her bosom the little pensive in-
valid, over whom her heart had continued to
yearn with all its early tenderness, and she
would weep tears wrung from an agonized
spirit. The loving child would twine his
slender arms about her neck, and brush away
the tears with his little hand and say, "Don't
grieve, sister Lolo, mamma will get well, and
papa will come home to see Wally someday.
Now let us talk more about God and that
good place where people go when they die,
and are sick and sorry no more."

The delicate boy loved his father with an
unbound affection, and it was chiefly be-
cause he would frequently call upon the name
Mrs. Leigh would not now listen to with pa-
tience, that she was annoyed by the child's
presence.

CHAPTER IX.
"Rare are solitary woes;
They love a train; they tread each other's heels."
Soon after her removal to their humble
lodgings, Laura received a few hasty lines
from her friend at the parsonage. Mr. Ware
had been absent when her note to him ar-
rived, and on his return several days after, he
found his darling Anna, the sweetest flower
in the bright garden of his home, prostrated
by a dangerous illness. "We dare not ven-
ture to leave her now, much as our hearts
are with you, dear Laura," the letter said,
"but the moment it is practicable, you shall
see some of us. Meantime we commend you,
and ourselves, to the wisest care of Him who
doth all things well."

Poor Laura was nearly overwhelmed when
this new source of grief and anxiety came to
swell the bitter current of her woes. She
felt all a sister's love for the pure and gentle
Anna, and she deeply regretted her inability
to watch by her in her sickness. She
trembled too, when she thought of the prob-
able termination of the disease, and of the
wide breach the dear girl's death would leave
in the circle of twining hearts in which she
had so long been embraced. But,

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no household, howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

When at length, Mr. Ware came and fol-
lowed Laura to his agitated heart, his tears and
the salubrious he wore, told the sad tale
of her bereavement. Away in the quiet
churchyard he left his dead lamb sleeping,
but with the eye of faith he looked above the
earth, and saw the immortal spirit of his child,
mingling with an angel choir, in singing the
songs of the redeemed.

"This life of mortal breath
Is but the supply to the life of heaven,
Whose portal we call death,
She is not dead the child of our affection,
But gone into that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

The stricken father checked the tide of
his own sorrow to pour the balm of hope and
consolation over the spirit of the young being
whose trials were far more crushing
than his own. He offered her the best as-
sistance and counsel it was in his power to
give, and left her with the grateful assurance
that Isabel should come to her very soon.

The dreary winter months were dragging
onward towards a close, and they had brought
no happy change for Laura. The disorder
of Mrs. Leigh's mind seemed to have abated,
but she continued as helpless and inactive,
and as unreasonably as at first. In order to
indulge the whims of her mother, Laura
found it necessary to dispense with the girl
who had assisted her. She would have
turned her talents and education to profit,
but her present cares and duties were of a
nature that prevented the possibility of such
a thing. But she looked with brighter an-
ticipations to the coming Spring, for it was
arranged that they should then all remove
to the quiet little village, where the sweet
family of Mr. Ware resided; and the sym-
pathizing physician strongly encouraged the
hope that change of air and of scenery would
prove beneficial to the mother, and also to
the drooping little Walter.

The gentle boy grew more and more pen-
sive, and seemed withering and fading away
like a tender bud that has been touched by
an untimely frost. Laura watched him day
after day with deepening interest, and she
feared that this, her cherished joy, was gradu-
ally and imperceptibly gliding from her
arms. And when at length she saw him
prostrated with a dangerous fever, she no
longer dared to hope that he would be spared
to cheer her lot; yet one mitigating
thought stole on the anguish of her soul.
The entrance of death might, possibly, awak-
en her mother from the wretched state in
which she remained, and to see her parent
"clothed, and in her right mind" she felt
would enable her to witness, without a sigh,
the flight of the sinless babe to its home on
high.

One evening she had soothed the little
sufferer to rest, and started out to procure
the medicines prescribed. As she was hast-
ily leaving the street door, she was startled
on hearing her own name uttered in low,
deep tones. Turning round, she beheld the
figure of a man, wrapped in a cloak, stand-
ing below her in the shadow of the porch.
Her first impulse was to retreat into the house,
but surely she could have no enemies; and
there was sadness as well as kindness in the
voice of the person who addressed her. While
she stood irresolute, the stranger stepped for-
ward in the light of a lamp, and partly re-
vealing his face, asked,

"Laura, do you not know me?"
"Is it possible?" exclaimed Laura, as she
now recognized the voice and features of
Herbert Leigh.

"Laura, do you, can you forgive me?" asked
the wretched man, in tones of deep con-
trition.

"I have never felt resentment towards you.
You were always kind to me," was the an-
swer.

"Thank you for that much, dear, generous
girl. The assurance somewhat lightens my
load of misery, but tell me, how is your moth-
er?"

"Not much improved. You have heard,
perhaps, of her unhappy condition."

"Yes," replied the other, with a bitter sigh,
"and the knowledge has upset all my resolu-
tions, and destroyed my last spark of energy.
Oh, Laura, you cannot conceive of my mis-
ery, and you know not to what depth of hu-
miliation and shame I have fallen. I am
weary, weary of life. Tell me of my boy.
I have stolen back in disguise to the city,
and have been prowling about the streets
in the hope of meeting you that I
might hear from my child."

"He is very ill," replied Laura, "and I must
hasten on my errand immediately. Do not
detract me longer."
Herbert followed her a short distance in
order to make more minute inquiries, then he
turned a corner and disappeared from her
sight. A few days subsequent to this occur-
rence, he sat in an obscure grocery in com-
pany with a well-dressed man, somewhat
younger than himself. This man was rich,
and had been Leigh's associate in the palm-
y days of the latter. He had discovered the
presence of his old companion in the city, had
sought out his retreat, had freely supplied
the demands of his craving appetite, and plied
him with offers of kindness and expressions
of friendship. Almost continually under the
influence of wine, Leigh saw not the villainy
lurking beneath this specious show of regard,
until the arms of his step-daughter was men-
tioned and followed by some vague hints
that roused at once all the smothered fire of
his nature. Springing to his feet, and firmly

clenching his fists, he exclaimed in tones
of terrible distinctness,

"Hartley, beware! If you dare to utter
in my presence further hints of that nature,
or ever make the shadow of an attempt to
put your dark designs in execution, by all
the powers above, I will punish you as you
deserve! I have sunk very low in the scale
of humanity, but know I am a man yet."

The villain slunk away, cowed before the
glance of the wretched inebriate he thought
to make his tool, but with wrath and ven-
geance in his heart. He had been struck by
Laura's beauty, and having no knowledge of
her nature, he thought to take advantage of
her present unprotected situation and unhap-
py circumstances.

Laura was again obliged to go out for mel-
lones somewhat late in the evening. She
had left the apothecary's, and was hurrying
homeward when she was accosted by a man
who stepped to her side with the salutation
of "Good evening, Miss Maitland." Perceiv-
ing she was addressed by a stranger, Laura,
with a throbbing heart hastened on in silence,
but the individual kept pace with her, and
was about to offer her some rudeness, when a
strong arm suddenly fell on her to earth.

"Contemptible dog!" exclaimed the voice
of Herbert Leigh, as he sprang with his foot
the prostrate form of the villain Hart-
ley.

"You are safe, my dear, unprotected child,
and may God keep you from further insult;
I feared the voice of the miserable Herbert,
as he led the trembling girl to the door of
her home. Then he anxiously inquired af-
ter his sick child."

"He is very low. Nothing save the ne-
cessity of procuring means for his relief, cal-
led me forth to-night," was the reply.

"I must see him, Laura. You will not
refuse to let me see my dying boy."

Laura was glad he made the request. The
scene might have a happy influence on the
wretched father. He followed her through the
dimly lighted passage, and to a small up-
per chamber where his pale boy lay with
scarcely any signs of life. Beside the low
couch, a thoughtful girl of fourteen years,
kneeling, holding in her own slender hand
of the sufferer. It was Maria, the youngest
daughter of Mr. Ware. Herbert Leigh bent
over his child, but the sunken and half-closed
eyes gave back no answering glance to his
own.

"Walter, my poor, dear boy," murmured
the father in broken accents, while his hot
tears fell on the upturned face before him.
The little sufferer languidly opened his eyes,
a faint smile passed over his features, and in
scarcely audible tones he said, "Papa, dear
papa, I knew you would come to me," then
he instantly relapsed into a state of lethargy,
from which every attempt to arouse
him proved vain. Herbert buried his face
in his hands and sat for a moment in the
deathlike stillness of the chamber, commu-
nating with his own thoughts. Presently he
started up, and his closely compressed lips,
and the look of bold determination on his
countenance, told that some new and mighty
impulse was at work within him.

"Laura," he said, "I have been a weak,
careless, selfish wretch, neglectful of my
duties, and leaving waste and sorrow in my
path, but in the strength of God I will hence-
forth be a man. Pray for me, Laura, from the
depth of your pure and noble heart, that I
may keep this resolution. I can do nothing
for him, I cannot save him," he continued,
turning to his child, then seizing Laura's
hand, he uttered a fervent "God bless you,"
and the next moment he was gone.

This scene was watched by one whom the
actors in it little dreamed was so near. Mrs.
Leigh, who for a few days had been unusu-
ally gentle and quiet, conceived a sudden
wish to see her sick boy. As she stepped
softly across the unlighted room, intervening
between her own and the one where Walter
lay, she heard a voice that made her start,
and gliding near the half-opened door, she
witnessed and heard all that passed. When
she saw the shrunken form of her once el-
egant husband, now clothed in soiled and
tattered garments, when she heard his low
words of contrition, and his seemingly inspi-
red resolution, and when she looked on the
white face of her little boy whom she sup-
posed dead, all the events of her past life rush-
ed like a mighty torrent over her mind. She
stood a moment with her hands wildly above
her head, and then she stole noiselessly
back to her room, with just sufficient strength
to throw herself on her bed. When, half an
hour later, Laura went in to look upon her
mother, she found her in strong hysterical
convulsions. For many weary days and nights
the daughter watched by her parent, who
lay hovering between life and death. In the
delirium of fever Mrs. Leigh repeatedly cal-
led on the name of her husband, and entreat-
ed him to come back to her, and she talked
of her boy as dead and told to her for ever,
though contrary to all expectations, Walter
was slowly coming back to life. She seem-
ed scarcely conscious of the presence of the
angel daughter who hung over her with a
solitude and untiring devotion that was fast
fading the roses from her cheek, and the lustre
from her eye. At length she began slowly
to amend, and one day Laura was called
from her side to see visitors, and the next
moment she was clasped in the warm em-
brace of Mrs. Ware, who, with her husband
had come to take them all away to their
own home, as soon as Mrs. Leigh could pos-
sibly be removed.

"You are very kind, my dear friends, but
how can I consent to impose upon you so
much," said Laura. "We cannot leave you
here alone, abandoned as you are," was the
answer. "We are all anxious to assist you,
and we can do it here so well. We have
ample room in our home and in our hearts.
Isabel, you know, is shortly to be married.
Richard is away at college, and our sainted
Anna's vacant place is open for you."

Laura could not resist. In a week Mrs.
Leigh was so far convalescent that the phy-
sician consented to her removal. She had
come forth from this last ordeal with a con-

stitution shattered, but in her right mind,
and with a spirit humbled and purified.

When hopes began to vibrate, with a sweet
thrill, every fibre of Laura's long tried heart,
she, one day, carried little Walter to his mo-
ther, and softly laid him in her arms. Mrs.
Leigh had been cautiously told that her boy
still lived, but this was the first time she had
seen him since that fearful night when his
pale still face appeared before her in the
scene that smote her slumbering conscience.
Laura saw her mother, with warm tears and
kisses, fold to her maternal bosom, the sweet,
smiling boy, and heard her call a fervent
blessing on her own head, and then she felt
rewarded for all she had endured.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sad History.

A few days since while three men were en-
gaged in painting the front of a lofty house
in Vesey Street, the scaffolding gave way
and one of the men was instantly killed.—
On Monday the remains were followed to the
grave by his widow and her three orphans,
two neighbors joining in the solemn cere-
mony. And now for the history of this de-
plorable family, as given by the New-York
correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dis-
patch. He tells us that this family had
scarcely been two months in our country!—
This was the first chance the unfortunate
deceased had been favored with, since he
landed, of earning a penny; and, though a
lawyer and a literary man, at home, hunger
and want, sickness, penury and friendless-
ness, had compelled him to take that day a
brush in hand and turn painter to obtain bread
for his starving self and family? How brief
was his labor! Instead of returning home
at night with his dollar to his famishing little
ones, he was carried home before dark, on a
shutter, a mass of mangled and mutilated
humanity! In comfortable circumstances in
Dublin, he and his family abandoned their
homes to better their fortune, and arrived
here last February. They had with them
about \$250 in gold. They were robbed of
this petty store within five minutes after
their trunks reached the shore—some "bag-
gage-smasher" carrying off the very trunk
that contained it. This left them penniless
in a foreign land. Sorrow made his wife ill.
Their infant child sickened and died the first
week after. The broken hearted immigrant
was next prostrated, himself, by downright
trouble and despair. When he recovered,
he was slowly, his wife, unused to such
hardships, slowly sank away again, a victim
to her sufferings. All this exhausted the
means of every friend to whom they could
apply, and swallowed up in pledge after pledge,
every rag of clothing except that which cov-
ered their nakedness. Even the wedding
dress had been pawned, the morning of the
accident, to obtain food! Yesterday the
widow died, and to-day the poor little child-
ren will be sent to the Alms House! Three
months ago, the whole family were living
joyously in their own native home, and now
behold at Ward's Island, in these helpless
orphans, all that is left of it? A more crowd-
ed chapter of wretchedness and misfortune
it has never been our lot to encounter.

N. Y. Organ.

Preaching in California.

Rev. Wm. A. Simmons, preacher of the
California M. E. Conference, in a letter to
a friend, gives a description of some very
unique doings in California preaching, of
which himself is the hero. The following
short extract will give our readers some idea
of the state of things there. It speaks well
for the boldness of the preacher, as well as
the disposition of the people:

"A few weeks ago I saw a good company
at a grocery on Sabbath afternoon. I went
into the house, got a bell, came out, mounted
into a wagon, rang my bell and cried out
at the top of my voice—Hear ye! Hear ye!
I come gather up and I will talk to you
on temperance. I then lectured them for
half an hour on the subject. One fellow tried
to interrupt me; a friend went to him and
told him if he did not 'dry up' he would
'smash his countenance!' I heard nothing
more from him. At another time I stopped
at a hotel to stay all night. There were 12
or 15 boarders—all swearing and indulging
in the grossest vulgarity—I was unknown;
after supper I got permission to preach. I
laid my Bible on the counter of the bar and
turned to them, (some card-playing, and all
swearing) and asked their attention while I
talked to them about their sins, and their
soul's salvation. I took for my text what I
had heard and seen since I came to the house;
told them of their swearing, and vulgarity,
how degrading and damning it was, and then
begged them to turn from their sins. It hush-
ed them up—some seemed shy of me after-
wards, others conversed with me quite gen-
tly. Bro. Woods asked me if I was not
afraid they would whip me. I told him I
had not thought of that."

THE PEOPLE NOT LEGALLY SOVEREIGN.—
The Supreme Court of the State of New York
at its late term at Oswego, have affirmed the
unconstitutionality of an appeal to the people
of any legislative matter. The subject in ques-
tion was a vote by the people of that State
on the Free School Law. They decide that
a bill otherwise constitutional can be rendered
unconstitutional by requiring its validity to
depend upon a vote of the people. They ar-
gue that the State constitutions have confined
the law-making power to the legislature. Judge
Hayner, of Minnesota, made the same decision
on giving the liquor law to the decision of the
people. It is said that the generally held le-
gal opinion in Maryland coincides with these
decisions, though our courts have decided that
an illegal provision in a law does not invali-
date the whole law, but that the illegal part
only was invalid.

THE Russian women think their husbands
are becoming cold and indifferent if they do
not beg them once a week. Mirabeau's valet,
Teuth, regarded it as a great favor and com-
pliment to be kicked by his master; and it is
said that, however low spirited he was before,
this always set him in an excellent humor.

Tom Corwin—Good Advice—Mr. Har-
vey, the Washington correspondent of the Phila-
delphia North American, tells the following
story:

About three ago, a young man presented
himself to Mr. Corwin for a clerkship. Thrice
was he refused, and still he made a fourth ef-
fort. His perseverance and spirit of determi-
nation awakened a friendly interest in his wel-
fare, and the Secretary advised him, in the
strongest possible terms, to abandon his pur-
pose, and go to the West, if he could do no bet-
ter outside the department. "My young friend,"
said he, "go to the North-west, buy 100 acres of
government land, or, if you have not the
money to purchase, squat on it, get you an
axe and mattock, put up a log cabin for your
habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes;
keep your conscience clear, and live like a free-
man, your own master, with no one to
give you orders, without dependence upon any-
body. Do that and you will be honored, re-
spected, influential, and rich. But accept a
clerkship here, and you sink at once all inde-
pendence; your energies become relaxed, and
you are unfitted in a few years for any other
and more independent position. I may give
you a place to-day, and kick you out to-mor-
row, and there's another man over there at the
White House, who can kick me out, and the
people by and by can kick him out, and so we
go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your
kingdom, and your cabin is your castle—you are
a sovereign, and you can feel it in every throbb-
ing of your pulse, and every day of your life will
assure me of your thanks for having thus ad-
vised you." If the thousands who so ardently
strive for places under government would ponder
well these words, and exercise a sound dis-
cretion in their application, many a young
and gallant spirit would be saved from innu-
merable, to be useful to the world, and a joy, rather
than grief to his friends."

GUANO—Where gathered.

Having anchored between the North and
middle island, at the latter of which we are
to land, we will borrow the boat, and have
a closer look at the huge muck heap. Put-
ting half around the island the landing place,
we step ashore on a narrow strip of sandy
beach, which appears to be cleared from the
surrounding rocks for our especial conveni-
ence. Our appearance disturbs thousands
of the web-footed natives; these thousands
count with the old hands as nothing, for they
tell us that the shipping has driven all the
birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of
pelicans hovering over the clear water like
hawks, which they resemble in their manner
darting down or stooping on their prey.—
One of these every instant drops from the
flock as though a ball had whistled through
his brain, but after a plunge he is soon seen
rising to the surface, with a fish struggling
in his capacious pouch.

Nearer to us, whirling around our heads,
are gannets, mews, mutton-birds, divers,
gulls, guano birds, and a host of others,
whose names are unknown to the vulgar.—
On the detached rocks and the lower end
of the island—member of a pretty nume-
rous convocation—stands the penguin, the
parson bird of the sailor, whose name is fair-
ly earned by his cut-away black coat, white
tie, and solemn demeanor. His short legs
planted far back, and his long body, do not
fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit
for hours on a little rock just washed by the
waves, apparently in such deep absence of
mind, the passer by is tempted to approach
in the hope of catching him. Just as the
boat nears him, and hand already out to
grasp his neck, away he goes, head over
heels, in a most irreverent and ridiculous
manner, dives under the boat, and shows his
head about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where
the sailor may catch him who can, for he is
the fastest swimmer, and best diver that ever
dipped.

Stepping over the mortal remains of sev-
eral sea-farers, in a few strides we were on
the guano, and at the next step in up to our
knees. The guano is regularly stratified; the
lower strata are solidified by the weight of the
upper, and have acquired a dark red color,
which becomes gradually lighter towards the
surface. On the surface is a white brown
light crust containing eggs, being completely
honeycombed by the birds, which scratch deep
oblique holes into it to serve as nests, wherein,
eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are
deposited.

The holes often running into each other,
from long galleries with several entrances; and
this mining system is so elaborately carried
out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any
part of the islands without sinking to the knee,
and being tickled with the sense of a hard
beak digging into your unprotected ankles.—
The egg shells, and the bones and remains of
fish brought up by the old birds for the young,
must form a considerable part of the substance
of the guano, which is thus in a great measure
deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown
out by the bird—Dickens's Household Words.

Beautiful Extract.

The editor of Knickerbocker attributes the
following to Ike Marvel, and it is certainly
worthy of him. Read it without tears if you
can:

"Last evening as we were walking leisurely
along, the music of choirs in the churches came
floating into the darkness around us, and
they were all new and strange tunes but one.
—And that one—it was not sung as we have
heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried
memories, that rose to us even as they were
before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

"It was sweet old 'Corinth' they were sing-
ing—strains that we have seldom heard since
the rose color of life was blanching; and we
were in a moment back again to the old village
church, and it was a summer afternoon, and
the yellow sunbeams were streaming through
the West windows, and the silver hair of the
old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned
to gold in its light, and the minister, who we
used to think could never die, so good was he,
had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,'
and the village choir were singing the last